THE WORKERS'
DREADNOUGHT

Socialism, Internationalism, Votes for All.

Vol. IV.—No. 20 SATURDAY, AUGUST 11th, 1917 Price One Penny

THE PEACE PICKET OUTSIDE PARLIAMENT

In the pouring rain on Thursday afternoon, August 2nd, what seemed to many people most startling bannerettes, were unfurled at Westminster Bridge Station. In bright red, purple, and green letters appeared the mottoes: **"War is Murder," "The Soldiers in the Trenches Long for Peace," "Bring Back our Brothers," and "Stop this Capitalist's War."**

"They ought not to be allowed to show such things!" a man said as we crossed the road towards the House of Commons. "Do you mean the German capitalists?" a tall man asked us as the first banner came in sight round the corner by Palace Yard. "No; we mean the capitalists on both sides," but he did not listen; he discovered the meaning of our parade by the words on the other banners.

Soldiers smiled at us. Women's faces lighted; they threw us a quickly whispered "You're right" in passing. Men whom we did not know raised their hats. Charwomen in poor clothes looked with a mute appeal as though pleading to us to tell them when the War would end. "Don't you think we ought to make peace now?" we asked one of them as she passed us. "Aye, indeed; I've got two lying severely wounded," she exclaimed, bursting into tears. Sometimes we put our question to a group of women stopping short in their haste to gaze at our unexpected banners; they would look at us afraid, till one, bolder than the rest, would answer, "Yes," as though with an effort, then the others, released from the bondage of falsehood, would chime in quickly, "Yes! yes! of course we want peace! Yes, yes, indeed we do!"

Amongst the many friends whom we did not know, we were greeted by many who were well known to us: Miss Emily Hobhouse, Miss Wilson Wilson, Mr. Fairchild, and Mr. Inkpin, of the B.S.P., Judge Neil, and Mrs. Outhwaite. Mr. John Burns shook hands with some of our party and stood for a moment or two keeping his eye on an angry old man, who came up flourishing a walking-stick and mingling abuse of us, with complaints that he did not pay rates and taxes in order that the police might allow us to display such banners unmolested. A "Daily Sketch" photographer snapshotted us several times, but the editor has not seen fit to publish the result of his enterprise. Perhaps the Press Bureau objected to such pictorial candour as our banners displayed.

A Socialist comrade from Yorkshire expressed his delight at finding that we Londoners were not daunted by the riot at the Brotherhood Church on the previous Saturday. Very glady he volunteered to take the news back to the north as an incentive to the peace workers there to renew their efforts.

The World Tragedy

Alfred A. Wallstein

Oppressors of mankind, to you we owe
The hateful streams from whence these miseries flow;
For you how many a mother weeps her son,
Snatch'd from life's course ere half his race was run!
For you how many a widow drops a tear,
In silent anguish, on her husband's bier!

"Posthumous fragments of Margaret Nicholson" Shelley

A PLEA FOR MERCY

We welcome the ameliorations which Lord Newton and his fellow delegates have secured for British prisoners of war in their conferences with representatives of the German Government at The Hague. The most valuable gains are the acceptance of Holland's offer to give hospitality to 16,000 men, and the agreement that there shall be no reprisals against individual prisoners.

We regret that simultaneously with the announcement of these ameliorations has come the news that the Aliens interned in this country who are married to British women are to be sent to the Isle of Man, where their families will no longer be able to visit them. Many of the women have recently paid 30s. out of their scanty allowances by dint of great sacrifice for their men to be brought from the Isle of Man to London. Cannot something be done to alter this cruel decision? One of the men has written to us. Letters from the women reach us by every post.

FROM THE IMPRISONED HUSBANDS.

Dear Editor,—I am writing on behalf of all interned German prisoners at Alexandra Palace. We appeal to you to help our dear wives in this great hour of need. We beg of you to be kind enough to get up a petition to the War Office to prevent them sending us a second time to the Isle of Man. As you are well aware, we are all married to British born wives, and have British children. In July and August, 1915, we were sent to the Isle of Man for internment. After many appeals from our wives, and after *paying* 30s. for the return fare, we were allowed to return to London in August and September. Some of us only at Christmas, 1916. The agony and privation suffered by our dear wives during this period is indescribable; but the women, in a fine British spirit, suffered and battled in silence. Their spirit was not broken, and they had not given up hope and faith that the British Authorities would grant facilities to have their husbands transferred to a London Camp, that they and their children may see their husbands and daddies once in a while. Now, after a two-years internment, and after Lord Newton has declared in the House of Lords that the Governments have come to an agreement with the German delegates at the Hague that *all reprisals* are going to be abolished, about 2,000 of us are threatened to be again sent to the Isle of Man, because the War Office has commandeered Alexandra Palace. We have no intention of complaining of this decision or disputing the necessity of its being done; but we are at an absolute loss to understand the intended second forcible separation from our families and the necessity of sending us again to the Isle of Man. We believe that with a very little goodwill sufficient accommodation can be found near London, that our wives may have the opportunity to see us occasionally.

In this great hour of need we appeal to you on behalf of our wives and families to help us and get up a petition to the War Office, to try and induce them to reconsider their decision. You will receive hundreds of letters from our wives with the same request. We beg you, in the name of God and humanity, not to fail us in this great hour of distress.

FROM ONE OF THE WIVES.

Dear Editor,—I am writing this to you as to one that I know feels a great and loving pity for the unfortunate women who are suffering during this War because they still believe that when they signed their marriage lines this "scrap of paper" was sacred, no matter the nationality of their husbands. I do not feel I am unfortunate in being the wife of a German subject. My man is

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Of Special Interest This Week!

PEACE PICKETS OUTSIDE PARLIAMENT

The Sassoon Case: By Mrs. Cedar Paul

THE WORKERS' DREADNOUGHT

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THE FOURTH YEAR OF WAR.

In the side street the other day a little lad, stealing a ride on the tailboard of a motor lorry, fell, in trying to jump off, as the lorry went at full speed. Blood streamed down his face. He shrieked with pain. The children of the street flocked round him with sympathetic cries. Brought by some instinct, his father rushed from the baker's shop, his face blanched and distorted. He seized the little one in his arms and, stumbling with haste and terror, ran with him towards the nearest doctor's. The crowd of children kept pace with him. The mothers in the neighbouring houses hurried to their doors, grief-stricken, raising their voices in lamentation, overwhelmed by their love and pity for this distracted father and his injured child.

Yet the windows of the baker's shop are broken; they were broken after the last great air raid by angry people who believed, because they were told it by the Press, that they had cause to quarrel with these poor bakers for having been born in far-off Russia and of the Jewish race. When the child was hurt, the natural human instinct of all these children and mothers triumphed over the evil teaching of jealousy and hate, and they saw that this was just one of their lit e brothers. If only the natural human instinct were given freedom to grow, undistorted by the harsh and unjust social organisation which divides the interests of humankind, we should have no anti-foreign riots, no reprisals, no War, and none of the grinding competition which produces degrading poverty even in time of peace.

Early in the War a soldier's wife received a cruel letter:—

"Mrs. B.,—We hear from the headmistress of ——— School that your daughter, A. ——, has been found in a very dirty condition by the nurse at school. Also that you made a very unpleasant scene at school when you were asked to have A. —— sent to the cleansing station. If we do not shortly hear from the headmistress that A. —— is in a thoroughly clean state, we shall write to the War Office telling them you are neglecting your children by keeping your daughter, A. ——, in a most dirty condition.

"This will affect your separation allowance, no doubt, so you had better take immediate steps to attend to the matter.—Yours faithfully, M. O'CLAY, for Miss Hall, Hon. Sec."

She came to us in distress and terror. She had eight children, her husband, a labourer, had been long unemployed, and she had a drawer full of pawn tickets and many outstanding debts to cope with when he went to the War. She lived in a court of dilapidated houses—miserable hovels riddled with vermin, long fallen into disrepair, systematically neglected by their landlord. Only one class of people is willing to live there—people to whom other landlords refuse to let their premises—people with a labourer's income and many children. These are the would-be tenants to whom careful landlords always answer "no."

This woman was doing her best; her house and children were cleaner and better cared for than might have been expected. We helped her to overcome the most crushing of her immediate difficulties; the charity-mongers' lack of understanding, and the landlord's desire to get more than she was able to spare each week off the arrears of rent. This caused him to threaten to evict her, a terrifying prospect, because she had tramped the streets till her feet were sore looking in vain for a landlord who would allow eight children to live in his house. We staved off her immediate difficulties. Then we lost sight of her. Like a wave in a great sea of human misery, she disappeared. But the other day, happening to pass by Taylor's Buildings, we asked for her, and her neighbours told us: "She drowned herself a twelvemonth since."

She was a quiet, ordinary-looking woman. We had not thought she had even courage to take that awful step into the unknown. An extreme of driving, harassing misery alone could have forced her to it. "The children have all been put in homes. And he's still out there," a mother said in pity, clasping her own baby more closely to her. "Did she drink?" a stranger asked. A neighbour laughed bitterly; "Drink! She wouldn't have much to drink on, with eight children! No; she didn't drink."

But the War goes on. Our Government spends eight millions a day and the nation cannot afford to build houses for its children—*would* not afford it even before the War. Near by a patient-faced woman sits at her door; her arm encased in plaster of Paris and supported by a sling. She was struck in the June air raid, and her wounds are slow to heal. The windows of her house remain unmended; there is a hole in the door, and other damage still unrepaired. "The landlord won't do it." Experience has taught the tenants to feel no surprise.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S SPEECH.

We have entered the fourth year of War, and the middle-aged monarchs and politicians at the head of the various Governments have exchanged congratulations on the valour of "their" Armies, and have renewed their expressions of determination to persevere in exacting continued proof of that valour, till they are able to call themselves victorious, cost what the victory may to others!

"They have gone two miles. We like advances; they like retreats. We like taking prisoners; they like surrendering them. We like smashing their trenches; and they like evacuating them. Let this continue to our mutual satisfaction."

Thus Lloyd George spoke at the Queen's Hall, accompanied, so the newspapers report, by laughter and cheers. In these retreats and advances, this trench-smashing and surrendering, nine million men have lost their lives. Men and women, have you no pity for the immature lads whose powers will never come to fruition, who will never live their lives as you have done? "See what has befallen Europe, even with the whole of our might thrown into the conflict!" Lloyd George says to us. We appeal to men and women to regard what has happened with seeing eyes, and to realise that they are wrong to trust the lives of their children to the petulant ambitions of men such as he.

There is no doubt that the great issue of the War is the struggle for the "Corridor to the East." Shall it be controlled by France, Britain, Russia, already possessed of vast dominions; shall it be controlled by the Germans, with their growing population and relatively small opportunities of expansion? Those who fight in all the belligerent armies fight for one of these two objectives. We prefer to take our stand with the Russian revolutionaries and the Conscientious Objectors who refuse to fight; for we recognise that the peoples of the Near East should manage their own affairs, uncontrolled by any of the great Empires. We are for the people, not for the rulers; for Socialism, not for Capitalism.

MR. GERARD'S REVELATIONS.

As we suppose the object of the Press censorship is to preserve popular faith in the story that this is a War of defence, we are surprised that the publication of Mr. Gerard's revelations is allowed. The statements in the Kaiser's telegram, which Mr. Gerard cabled to the United States on October 8th, 1914, have been repudiated by the Press Bureau. Nevertheless, we believe them to be substantially true. They prove, as we have long known, that it was the Russian autocracy which finally put the match to the tinder, reared up, year after year, in expectation of the great European War which would break out when the struggle of rival capitalist factions for domination of the Near East should at length be joined. Mr. Lloyd George may endeavour to obscure the truth by loud-mouthed abuse and outcries that Germany alone was prepared; but the fact remains that in the ten years preceding the War the Allies spent more money on armies and navies than did the Central Powers.

THE WORKERS' AND SOLDIERS' COUNCIL.

Mr. Lloyd George, at the Queen's Hall, delivered an attack upon the Workers' and Soldiers' Council, the new organisation of the workers which is in process of formation, and on which many bright hopes are built. He stated that the House of Commons is the British Workers' and Soldiers' Council. It is natural that the promoters of a capitalist War should choose to submit their policy to the verdict of the House of Commons, rather than to any organisation built up by the working class, since the majority of the Members of the House are representatives of the capitalist interests on behalf of which the War is being fought. But we regret that an attack upon the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils should appear in the August "Ploughshare." The writer asserts that this is merely an attempt to use the soldiers "to kill the right people," or "to brandish the bayonets of the demobilised soldiers to effect some politico-economic changes." This charge seems unjust. The object of the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils, as we understand it, is to give to the rank and file workers and soldiers facilities for managing their own affairs through the medium of their directly appointed delegates. The Russian equivalent of this Council is formed of delegates directly chosen by the workers in the factories, the inhabitants of the Communes, and soldiers in the ranks. In England, unfortunately, we have not yet got so far. The "Ploughshare" says: "Pacifists, surely, and Quakers among them certainly, will not countenance wholesale desertion from the Army." Would the "Ploughshare" condemn men to remain in the Army, killing their fellow-men, though their hearts and their minds tell them that these men are their brothers in adversity and that the War is being fought for wicked and ignoble ends? We believe that the initiators and the majority of the supporters of the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils desire Peace in the immediate present, and the establishment of an international Socialist Commonwealth which shall make future wars impossible. This second point is essential: mere love of peace, whilst capitalism remains cannot prevent war. We realise, as we believe the majority of the supporters of the Workers' and Soldiers' Council do, that the workers can attain Peace and international Socialism; by the pacific resistance of the strike, against fighting in capitalist Armies and Navies, against working for capitalist employers, and against voting for capitalist members of legislative bodies. As for the "Herald's" People's Charter, to which the "Ploughshare" objects, this has not been officially adopted by any working-class organisation. We agree that it requires revision in many directions before it can be considered adequate. We ourselves have suggested a number of improvements. We hope that "The Ploughshare" will also advance some constructive suggestions.

RUSSIA.

Those who fear to entrust representation to the rank and file men who have borne the torture of trench warfare should consider the result of the experiment in Russia. To the Russian soldier the hope of the Revolution was synonymous with the hope of Peace. Until Peace comes he refuses to agree that Free Russia is born. With the news that the Revolution was successful in Petrograd, the soldiers either left the trenches or made peace with the Armies opposed to them, and since that day all the efforts of Revolutionaries of lesser faith have failed to secure any sustained and vigorous fighting from the Russian troops. It now seems evident that the Russian soldiers are gradually evacuating all the territory invaded by Russia, and we believe that they will make no determined resistance to the advance of hostile armies until the Russian frontiers are reached.

The continued refusal of the soldiers to fight, together with severe and growing privations in Petrograd, appear, at last, to be bringing the Council of Workers' and Soldiers' Delegates and the majority of the Socialist leaders to the position adopted at the outset by Lenin (a position which we ourselves have advocated from the first): namely, that Free Russia must refuse to continue fighting in a capitalist War. The "Manchester Guardian" reports that the C.W.S.D. Executive has issued a proclamation urging that the continuance of the War means the overthrow of the Russian Revolution, involving "the wreck of all democracy and all hopes of a universal and just Peace." The "Guardian" also asserts that Maxim Gorky's paper, the "Novoye Jisn," demands "a categorical refusal by Russia to continue the War in the interests of Allied capitalism."

The capitalistic forces of Russia are, of course, struggling hard against the results of the fuller awakening which is thus coming to the Russian people. For the moment the capitalist forces have, perhaps, scored a success. Kerensky has been given a free hand. His New Ministry may have a larger admixture of capitalists than the old one, and the Socialist Minister of Agriculture, who had pledged himself to restore the land to the peasants, has been left outside. But all attempts to set aside the authority of the Workers' and Soldiers' Council have failed, and the outlook is full of hope.

Russia is fighting for all democracy. We see the result of her courageous efforts in many directions, notably in the possibility, now dawning into certainty, that delegates from the Socialist parties of all nationalities will be able to meet at Stockholm to compound a peoples' Peace. If the workers are but ready, that Peace may be secured.

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY

LORD RHONDDA AND THE FOOD.

Lord Rhondda says that at the beginning of the fourth year of War it has become plain to him that the food supply is important: every mother in the land could have told him that long ago! He announces that he approves central food kitchens, but does not promise them any food to cook. He promises sugar cards in October, and tells us that supplies must be shared equally by rich and poor. We want to know the details of his scheme. After sugar, he will take in hand the distribution of bread and meat. What, after three years of War! He tells us that prices must be kept down. We have said so all along, but, since he possesses the power, we ask him to act in this direction, and not merely talk. He makes no promise to remove the food supply from the influence of private profit. Until he does so, he will not be able to do much towards lowering prices. He intends to ask Food Control Committees, appointed by the local authorities, to undertake important duties in price fixing. These committees are to consist of twelve members, including at least one woman and one Labour member. We urge that one-third of the members should be representatives of workmen and one-third of working-class women. If this is done, the committees may insist on drastic action. If not, we have little hope of them. We urge our friends to insist that the principles of Socialism shall be applied to the problem of the food supply, and to be content with no tinkering half-measures.

SMALL NATIONS.

The Allied capitalists are obviously endeavouring to force all the nations which have remained neutral to enter the War on their side. The pressure of hunger is being put upon Holland and the Scandinavian nations, and Norway and Holland are reduced to offering to barter their ships in exchange for food. China has been forced to declare war on Germany. According to the "Manchester Guardian," the Chinese Parliament refused to pass a Bill for this purpose, but the Government ignored the Parliament and declared war on its own account. The Finnish Parliament has been dissolved by Russia for having passed a Bill for Finnish independence. The autonomy promised to Ukarine seems to be hanging fire. It will be remembered that it was the promise of autonomy to Ukarine by the Socialist Minister which brought the resignation of the Liberal representatives of capitalism from the Russian Government.

WELL DONE, MINERS!

We congratulate the 50,000 Lanarkshire miners on their one-day strike to protest against profiteering. This is the first time that any great body of workers has struck for a political object not for the immediate benefit of their particular trade, but in the interests of all workers.

INDUSTRIAL UNREST.

The report of the Commissioners on Industrial Unrest in Wales ascribe this partly to the irksome restriction of individual liberty, prohibition of public meetings, alleged unfair treatment of conscientious objectors, and sympathy with such people as have undergone imprisonment for their principles.

FROM A SOLDIER TO HIS MOTHER.

"Somewhere in France.

"Old Tiny* has had some better dinners than we get. This is what we had for breakfast this morning: A slice and a half of bread and a little bit of cheese enough to bait a mouse trap."

* The dog.

THOUGHTS OF TAGORE*

"I know not who paints the pictures on memory's canvas; but whoever he may be, what he is painting are pictures; by which I mean that he is not there with his brush simply to make a faithful copy of all that is happening. He takes in and leaves out according to his taste. He makes many a big thing small, and small thing big. He has no compunction in putting into the background that which was to the fore, or bringing to the front that which was behind. In short, he is painting pictures and not writing history."

Thus the great Indian poet introduces to us his memory pictures.

As often happens, the memories of his childhood are the most vivid and beautiful; for Tagore dwelt often in Paradise and tasted the nectar of the gods, although in accordance with the custom of the time, his upbringing was austere. His dress in summer was a cotton tunic; in winter a second cotton tunic was added. He and his brothers wore no shoes and socks till they had passed their tenth year. Their day was begun before dawn by a bout with a blind wrestler, then without a pause they donned the tunics on their dusty bodies and started on their courses of literature, mathematics, geography, and history. From six to half-past nine in the morning they studied literature with a tutor, before proceeding to school. Drawing and gymnastic masters were ready for them on their return from school, and after these had gone they studied English with a tutor till nine p.m. On Sunday they learnt singing, anatomy, and Sanskrit. Their education seems to have been astonishingly varied. We read of their tutor bringing to the schoolroom "a portion of the vocal organs of a human being," and of his taking them to the dissecting-room of the Medical College, where they saw the body of an old woman stretched on the table, and a man's leg on the floor This strenuous training Tagore endured at about eight years of age.

But he was no prodigy of the schools. Indeed, he has still something of a contempt for school learning, and says that the little birds are fortunate because their parents cannot light lamps in the evening. He complains that he learnt physics mainly from books, and that the time thus wasted would have been better spent in doing nothing. We read of him sitting silent at the bottom of the class for a year, refusing to answer the teacher's questions "out of sheer contempt for his foul language." Tagore's memory records that he spent his time musing on things unconnected with the lessons, yet when the examination was held he obtained first place. This was not always his experience, however, for he tells that both himself and his family were disappointed with his progress, his eldest sister saying, "We had all hoped Rabi would grow up to be a man, but he has disappointed us the worst." He could not endure "the eternal grind of the school mill, which, divorced as it was from all life and beauty, seemed "such a hideously cruel combination of hospital and gaol." When on the verge of manhood he went to England to study, he seems completely to have ignored this purpose, and says, "I never had a moment of compunction for interrupted school studies."

Tagore has strongly-defined ideas on the upbringing of children. He does not desire for them many material possessions, but he insists that they should be treated as sentient human beings, that freedom is essential to their development, and that they need sympathy, encouragement, and the opportunity to exercise responsibility. He speaks with bitterness of the "servocracy," the servants, who beat the children of the household, crammed their heads into the water-jars in order to silence their cries, and harshly limited their freedom in all directions. One of the servants would draw a chalk ring about him, beyond which he might not step. He says that the servants illtreated the children because the whole burden of the children was thrown on the servants, "and the whole burden is a thing difficult to bear, even for those who are nearest and dearest." With one of those flashes of descriptive characterisation which constantly illumine his writings, he says:

"If children are only allowed to run and play about and satisfy their curiosity, it becomes simple. Insoluble problems are only created if you try to confine them inside, keep them still, or hamper their play. Then does the burden of the child, so lightly borne by its own childishness, fall heavily on the guardian—like that of the horse in the fable, which was carried instead of being allowed to trot on its own legs."

Though cuffings and boxings from the servants were frequent, he accounts himself fortunate to have been freed from "the fuss of being too much looked after." In his view "elders have become cheap to modern children; they are too readily accessible, and so are all objects of desire." "The modern child of a well-to-do family nibbles at only half the things he gets; the greater part of his world is wasted on him."

"When material is in profusion the mind gets lazy and leaves everything to it, forgetting that for a successful feast of joy its internal equipment counts for more than the external. This is the chief lesson which this infant state has to teach to man. There his possessions are few and trivial, yet he needs no more for his happiness. The world of play is spoilt for the unfortunate youngster who is burdened with an unlimited quantity of playthings. To call our inner garden a garden is to say a deal too much. Its properties consisted of a citron tree, a couple of plum trees of different varieties, and a row of cocoa-nut trees. In the centre was a paved circle, the cracks of which various weeds and grasses had invaded and planted in them their victorious standards. . . . I suspect that Adam's garden of Eden could hardly have been better adorned than this of ours; for he and his paradise were alike naked; they needed not to be furnished with material things. It is only since his tasting of the tree of knowledge, and till he can fully digest it, that man's need for external furniture and embellishment persistently grows."

When mankind has accepted that philosophy, when it has learnt to digest the fruit of the tree of knowledge, Socialism will be accepted, and we shall hear no more of the false material doctrine of the "rent of ability."

Tagore had no "children's books."

"But that, I am sure, did me no harm. The watery stuff with which literary nectar is now diluted for serving up to the young takes full account of their childishness, but none of them as growing human beings. Children's books should be such as can partly be understood by them and partly not . . . the child makes its own what it understands, while that which is beyond leads it on a step forward."

He speaks with enthusiastic gratitude of his father, who, on their visit together to the Himalayas when the boy was eleven years old, gave him the charge of small change and the duty of winding his valuable gold watch, in order to teach him responsibility. His father allowed him to roam alone, staff in hand, over the unknown mountains.

"To the end of his life I have observed he never stood in the way of our independence. Many a time have I said or done things repugnant alike to his taste and his judgment; with a word he could have stopped me; but he preferred to wait till the prompting to refrain came from within . . . he wanted us to love truth with our whole hearts; he knew that mere acquiescence without love is empty. He also knew that truth, if strayed from, can be found again, but a forced or blind acceptance of it from the outside effectually bars the way in. . . . He was not deterred by the danger of my making mistakes, he was not alarmed at the prospect of my encountering sorrow. He held up a standard, not a disciplinary rod."

Tagore expresses similar gratitude for lessons in independence to his brother Jyotirindra.

"Once when I was a mere lad and had never ridden a horse before, he made me mount one and gallop by his side with no qualms about his unskilled companion. . . . He took me with him on a hunting expedition. I had no gun—it would have been more dangerous to me than to the tiger if I had. We left our shoes at the outskirts of the jungle and crept in with bare feet. At last we scrambled up into a bamboo thicket, partly stripped of its thorn-like twigs, where I managed to crouch behind my brother till the deed was done. . . ."

Tagore has no sympathy with the view that freedom must be withheld lest it be misused, believing that the proper use of a thing may be learnt through its misuse. He has a horror of "tyrannical attempts to create goodness" and of "punitive police, political or moral."

To the free companionship and sympathy of his brother, Jyotirindra, who did not allow the difference in their ages to be a barrier to their intellectual and sentimental intercourse, he owes release from a shrinking sensitiveness contracted during his infancy of repression, which might otherwise, he says, have crippled his powers for life.

The influence of his father, elder brothers, and cousins was indeed a most fruitful one. He tells of his father rising in the darkness to his devotions. His brothers and cousins were the centre of a group which was striving to bring about a renaissance of nationalism in dress, literature, music, painting, drama, and every sort of craft. The Hindu Mela, an annual fair, was instituted with the assistance of his family. His cousin had dramas by Indian writers staged in the house, translated dramas from Sanskrit, and wrote anthems and songs. His brother, Jyotirindra, founded a literary academy (which "withered away shortly after sprouting" because an attempt was made to bring together under its auspices men who had already made a name for themselves. "My advice to you is to leave us out," said one. "You will never accomplish anything with the bigwigs," and the bigwigs justified his words).

Tagore thus describes the artistic activities of his household:

". . . a cascade of musical emotion was gushing forth day after day, hour after hour, its scattered spray reflecting into our being a whole gamut of rainbow colours. Then, with the freshness of youth, our new-born energy, impelled by its virgin curiosity, struck out new paths in every direction. We felt we would try and test everything, and no achievement seemed impossible. We wrote, we sang, we acted, we poured ourselves out on every side."

The young Tagore was greatly helped by the example, encouragement, and criticism of literary men. When he was only eight years a connection of his father urged him to write poetry, and explained to him the construction of the *payar* metre.

Women seem to have meant much less to him than men. Until after his return from his journey to the Himalayas with his father at eleven years of age, he was kept with the servants, barred out from his mother in the zenana, the inner sanctum where dwelt the women of the family. In the days when he was kept away from the zenana it appeared to him, not a place of confinement, but of freedom, because neither school nor tutor were there, but wonderful playthings of porcelain and glass. Though his youngest sister came out of the zenana to attend a morning class with the boys, it did not matter whether she did her lessons well or ill, and she returned to the zenana when her brothers set out for school.

One forms the impression that his mother had little force of character. In the days when the boy was still in the servants' quarters his mother was seized by the stories of an imaginative visitor

(Continued on page 826.)

* "MY REMINISCENCES," by Sir RABINDRANATH TAGORE, with illustrations. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street, London: 1917.

THOUGHTS OF TAGORE—contd. from page 825

with fears of a Russian invasion. Since no older members of the family shared her misgivings, she asked her little son to write to his father on the matter. He wrote with the aid of the estate correspondence clerk. This seems to indicate that Tagore's mother could not write. On his return from the journey with his father, who had been teaching him Sanskrit, his mother begged him to read and translate for her verses from the Ramayana, and rejoiced, quite unconscious of his many errors. When his father returned from his frequent long absences his mother would superintend the cooking herself to make sure that nothing should go wrong. All this appears to be in accord with Tagore's views of the mission of the wife, for he says of an English woman:

"In all her actions her reverence for her husband was the one thing that stood out. The memory of her sweet self-abnegation makes it clear to me that the ultimate perfection of all womanly love is reverence: that where no extraneous cause has hampered its true development woman's love naturally grows into worship."

Again in a later chapter he says:

"The wife rules her husband through acknowledging her dependence."

We are surprised to find in Tagore what seems a failure to recognise that husband and wife, man and woman, are in a sense mutually dependent on each other, their interdependence being equal, and equal also that right of independent thought and experience, which the child Tagore so passionately desired. So little is his relationship with his mother a part of Tagore's life story that he does not mention her death in the order of its happening. In a later chapter, describing his first acquaintance with death, he explains that he did not fully realise this first bereavement. His mother had been ailing for a long time; her children were sleeping when she died. Only when he followed her body to the cremation did a storm of grief pass through him at the thought that "Mother would never take again her accustomed place in the affairs of her household." His own loss was unfelt. This he explains by saying "the lightness of infant life can skip aside from the greatest calamities." But we know that it is not always so.

Later in life the tapering buds of the half-blown jessamine recalled to him his mother's fingers, and it seemed to him that

"The tenderness which dwelt in the tips of those lovely fingers was the very same as that which blossoms every day in the purity of these jessamine buds; and that whether we know it or not, this tenderness is on the earth in boundless measure."

It is a pretty but not a very satisfying or human memory. In this period of his development at least, Tagore does not seem to have realised the need for a fuller life and education for women. Nevertheless there were undoubtedly very sensible and capable women in Tagore's family. The wife of his fourth brother, Jyotirindra, was at one time his literary companion and most searching critic. The wife of his second brother founded and edited a children's illustrated magazine.

Tagore records that he married at 22 years of age, but he does not dwell on the fact even so far as to mention the name of his wife, and we are left to conclude, if we please, that his marriage played no part in his development. Nevertheless, it was at this time that he found the keynote on which his life work has been built, which he expresses as "the joy of retaining the infinite within the finite." The first of his poems in this spirit, the introduction, as he calls it, to all his later work, is entitled "Nature's Revenge," and was written at this time. In it a hermit is striving to gain "a victory over nature," and "to arrive at a true and profound knowledge of self" by "cutting away the bonds of all desires and affections." He is brought by a little girl to realise that "the great is to be found in the small, the infinite within the bounds of the finite, and the eternal freedom of the soul in love."

The evolution of the poet is the evolution of his poetry, but Tagore veils from us the frankness of his memories in the moment when he reaches the verge of maturity.

The ordered progress of his development from childhood into manhood seems to have been broken by a visit to England. His reminiscences of his life there appear to have been written by another being, than he who penned the earlier and later pages of the story. The English scenes are trivial, commonplace, and in the main distressing. Removed from his native land, Tagore lost for the time his power of deep thought, his yearning for the Infinite, even the joyous enthusiasms of his household.

The glamour of European art was for him short-lived. The singing of a prima donna in imitation of a bird seemed to him a misuse of the human voice. European music appeared to be intertwined with material life, a translation into melody of the evanescence of life; whilst Indian music transcends everyday life, revealing the inmost depths of our mysterious and impenetrable being. He asserts that in English literature "the reticence of true art has not yet appeared."

"Human emotion is only one of the ingredients of literature, and not its end,—which is the beauty of perfect fulness, consisting in simplicity and restraint. This is a proposition which English literature does not yet fully admit."

It is well that we English should sometimes learn the impressions made by our civilisation on the minds of the cultured people of an older, although now a subject race.

Tagore thinks that he and other young Indians "gained more of stimulation than of nourishment from English literature."

He believes that because in the social life of Englishmen passionate outbursts are kept so severely in check, the character of their literature is "the working out of extravagantly vehement feelings to an inevitable conflagration."

Returning to India, his nature seems to have been warped by contact with the trivialities of London life. He had become morbid and unbalanced. His writings reflected his inner conflict. Then suddenly the mingling of the sunset glow with the wan twilight revealed another world. "It was the effect of the evening which had come within me; its shades had obliterated *myself*." He began to view the world as a spectator, and found unexpected stores of wonder and joy. The features of passers-by were full of beauty; there was abounding interest in the thoughts of the people with whom he spoke he talked. He wrote:

"I know not how of a sudden my heart flung open its doors,
"And let the crowd of worlds rush in greeting each other—"

In his childhood the poet yearned towards the outer world of nature from the chalk ring drawn by the servants. In his youth his longing was to take his part in the life of men. He was oppressed by the separations and barriers which arrest the young Indian at every turn. To these barriers he refers, with some bitterness, as having handicapped men like his cousin, of whom he says:

"In any other country, where large political, social or commercial groups are being formed, such would naturally become national leaders. . . . Such genius in our country runs to waste, a waste as pitiful, it seems to me, as that of pulling down a star from the firmament for use as a lucifer match."

But for Tagore it was most important to solve the inner conflict. When he had become master of himself he had found the key to his longed-for world of men.

Tagore comes of a subject race, but he belongs to the classes of privilege. He writes of "broad leisure stretching from horizon to horizon," of "ineffable days and nights on the Ganges languid with joy." But through all these reminiscences no memory picture tells that a thought ever touched his consciousness of those whose lives are harsh and barren with never-ending toil and ceaseless want. Has that realisation been left for a later volume?

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

THE SASSOON CASE

The Editor, WORKERS' DREADNOUGHT.

Dear Comrade,—I have already written to you privately to express my delight that the DREADNOUGHT had the courage to publish Siegfried Sassoon's statement. Mr. Lees-Smith's reference to the matter in the House of Commons on Monday, and Mr. Macpherson's reply on behalf of the War Office, induce me to address you a further letter, for publication. The DREADNOUGHT, in the first instance, and the Member for Northampton's ingenuity in referring to the matter in connection with the attack by soldiers in uniform on the Workers' and Soldiers' Council at the Brotherhood Church, have given the Sassoon case the needful publicity, which Lieutenant Sassoon courted in issuing his letter, but which our authorities were, of course, eager to avoid. When, in "Black 'Ell," Miles Malleson created the imaginary character of a young officer who comes back from the front covered with distinction and celebrates the occasion by declaring that no power on earth will ever induce him to take further part in the war, the military authorities (ought I to write "the *German* military authorities"—you know that we are assured by persons in high places that it is absurd to speak of "British militarism"?) were able to take fairly effective action by suppressing the play. Lieutenant Sassoon, a concrete entity, is more difficult to deal with. He does not, like Harold Gould in "Black 'Ell," say: "I won't fight any more," but in "wilful defiance of military authority" he, an officer in the King's Army, publishes a statement of his belief that "the war is being deliberately prolonged by those that have the power to end it," prolonged for purposes which he regards as evil and unjust.

Theoretically, of course, the military authorities might "suppress" Lieutenant Sassoon. But he is in England, not in France. The House of Commons is sitting, and that body, though effete, is still a place where inconvenient questions may be asked. A simpler method suggests itself. The Colonel, in Malleson's play, having heard Harold Gould's outburst, sapiently remarks, "The best thing you can do is to lie down for a bit. . . . I must get back to the War Office." One foresees that, unless Harold speedily recovers what the Colonel and people of the War Office type regard as sanity, he will find himself in one of those houses of rest for mentally disordered soldiers which it is in the worst possible taste to speak of as "asylums." Similarly with Sassoon. "Mr. Macpherson, for the War Office, replied that his attention had been called to the case of this gallant officer. . . . No disciplinary action had been taken, as the medical board reported that Lieutenant Sassoon was not responsible for his actions. He was suffering from nervous breakdown." Mr. Macpherson went on to express his respect for medical boards. "Trust the expert" is a good motto, but our respect for medical boards has not been increased of late! Sassoon's published statement, at any rate, is moderate and calm, and betrays absolutely no trace of mental alienation.

A fact that has hitherto been ignored in all public utterances on this case is that Siegfried Sassoon has proved himself, in a volume published not may weeks ago, to be a poet of quite exceptional power; and I think no dispassionate person can read the series of war verses in "The Old Huntsman" without realising that this prose manifesto on the war, this "wilful defiance of military authority," far from being an accidental occurrence, the casual outcome of "shell shock," is the logical sequence of the writer's whole course of mental development since he enlisted among the very first thousand at the outbreak of the war.

May I quote a few phrases from a notice of Sassoon's poems penned by myself before he made his "statement"? . . . "Few have produced pictures more impressive in their realism than the war poems which make up a considerable part of the volume. And if he ever had any illusions about war, he has lost them at the front . . . Compelled by his inward moral conviction 'to seek God in the strife,' nevertheless he does so 'with anger in his brain.'" That anger against war, and against his country's part in the war, has been growing slowly for three years, and has at length culminated, not in madness, but in revolt. Thus, I think, will psychologists who are not members of military medical boards prefer to explain the Sassoon case.—Yours fraternally,

CEDAR PAUL.

The poems by Siegfried Sassoon which appear below we take from the volume entitled "The Old Huntsman," to which Mrs. Cedar Paul refers:—

DIED OF WOUNDS.

His wet, white face and miserable eyes
Brought nurses to him more than groans and sighs:
But hoarse and low and rapid rose and fell
His troubled voice: he did the business well.

The ward grew dark; but he was still complaining,
And calling out for "Dickie." "Curse the wood!
It's time to go; O Christ, and what's the good—
We'll never take it; and its always raining."

I wondered where he'd been; then heard him shout,
"They snipe like hell! O, Dickie, don't go out."
I fell asleep . . . next morning he was dead;
And some Slight Wound lay smiling on his bed."

"BLIGHTERS."

The House is crammed: tier beyond tier they grin
And cackle at the show, while prancing ranks
Of harlots shrill the chorus, drunk with din;
"We're sure the Kaiser loves the dear old Tanks!"

I'd like to see a Tank come down the dear old stalls,
Lurching to rag-time tunes, or "Home, Sweet Home"—
And there'd be no more jokes in music-halls
To mock the riddled corpses round Bapaume.

WHEN I'M AMONG A BLAZE OF LIGHTS.

When I'm among a blaze of lights,
With tawdry music and cigars
And women dawdling through delights,
And officers at cocktail bars—
Sometimes I think of garden nights
And elm trees nodding at the stars.

I dream of a small firelit room,
With yellow candles burning straight,
And glowing pictures in the gloom,
And kindly books that hold me late.
Of things like these I love to think
When I can never be alone;
Then someone says, "Another drink?"
And turns my living heart to stone.

PARLIAMENT AS WE SEE IT

CORN PRODUCTION BILL

TRUCK.

July 31st.—Members displayed great ingenuity in showing why neither Agricultural Wages Boards nor the Board of Agriculture should be given power to limit or prohibit allowances in kind being counted as part of the agricultural labourer's minimum wage. Mr. Molteno (L.) expatiated with gusto on the 12 gills of milk daily, the 65 stone of meal per annum, the half ton of potatoes per annum, and the one or two tons per annum of coal, peat and firewood which are allowed to labourers in Inverness, Moray, Nairn, Banff, and Aberdeenshire. What a loss these allowances would be to the labourer argued Mr. Molteno, quite ignoring the fact that there is no question of their loss, since quite apart from them, the labourers in those parts are getting a cash wage of more than 25s. a week. There is no question of limiting the potatoes, meal, coal, cider, or cottages with which the kind farmer may desire to endow his employees only to ensure that he may not refuse to pay them a paltry 25s. a week, on the plea that he is giving the equivalent of the money in other ways.

Sir C. Seely reached the apex of the discussion when he solemnly warned the House that the Wages Board would undoubtedly refuse to count as part of the 25s. minimum, permission to run a cow on the farmer's land. He believed that this idea would be unpopular because in most districts it is new! Evidently Sir C. Seely thinks that if a man has food for his cow he can well afford to let his children starve.

Members' fears that the Boards might give the labourer the right to demand a full 25s. in cash were somewhat allayed by Government assurances that the Boards were unlikely to prohibit the inclusion of all allowances in the minimum. Had organised labour grasped to the full the beautiful spirit of solidarity, the workers in the mills and factory would have backed up the demand of the agricultural labourer for the abolition of truck with so much force and insistence that this wretched compromise would not have been tolerated.

OVERTIME.

A vague amendment required the Agricultural Wages Boards to define the employment for which overtime is to be paid, Mr. Prothero explaining that stockmen and shepherds are to get no overtime, and that, as Sir Frederick Banbury put it, it is only to be paid for "the ordinary overtime work of the farm, such as harvesting."

Mr. Prothero was careful to explain that boys and girls and women will get lower overtime rates than able-bodied men. Equal pay for men and women and equal pay for equal work are far from being accepted principles. We want to see established the principle of an equal wage or an equal standard of comfort for every individual.

POWER TO ANNUL REGULATIONS.

That part of the Bill was passed which gives the King power to annul Regulations on the presentation of an Address by either House of Parliament. The House of Lords is a house of agricultural employers—another reason for its abolition!

SCOTTISH BOARDS.

Mr. Dundas White moved an amendment that in Scotland, instead of the Agricultural Wages Boards, which are considered good enough for England, committees of farmers and labourers should be established with power to submit to arbitration questions on which the committees fail to agree. Mr. Munro, the Secretary for Scotland, agreed to accept the proposal in principle. We are weary of the creation of machinery designed to perpetuate the existing state of affairs. We want to see the establishment in this country of the system which we hope is about to be established in Russia, namely, land ownership by the community, and management and rent free tenure by the worker, so long as he or she is prepared to work the land. A similar suggestion was made for Ireland, but Mr. Duke said that it ought not to go into the Bill as the Wages Board would be formed in that way where possible, and the agricultural labourers were in many districts unorganised.

NO MINIMUM WAGE FOR IRELAND.

Mr. J. O'Connor moved an Amendment to extend the 25s. minimum to Ireland instead of leaving the Wages Boards to fix the labourer's wage. He said that the average wage of Irish labourers is 12s. 10d. a week without cottage or other allowances. In his own constituency the labourers had got a war bonus of 5s. a week, i.e., 39 per cent., but the cost of living was up by 140 per cent., coal, for instance, had risen from 1s. 4d. to 3s. a bag, whilst potatoes had risen from 5d. to 1s. 6d. a stone, or 206 per cent. Mr. Duke said that wages in Connaught are still as low as 10s., 11s., 12s., and 13s. a week, in spite of increased prices. He did not think it would be prudent to raise wages to 25s. a week. The amendment was negatived without a division.

We need not wonder that Irish labourers are Sinn Feiners, and consider the Parliament at Westminster is useless to them.

Mr. Clancy moved to give the same retrospective effect to the "adequate" wages to be fixed by the Irish Wages Boards as is to be given to the English minimum wage. Mr. Duke said he would only agree to this if the farmers and labourers were generally willing to accept it. Of course there is no question as to the willingness of the labourers! Mr. Duke's very great tenderness towards the Irish farmers, perhaps springs from the fear of making them desire an independent Government for Ireland.

PIECE RATES.

In order to prevent evasion of the minimum wage by paying inadequate piece rates, Mr. Prothero introduced a clause giving the worker power to complain to the Wages Board, and if the Board should uphold his complaint to recover any sum the Board should direct, as a civil debt in a Court of Summary Jurisdiction. This is a very cumbrous procedure. The Boards ought to take the same responsibility for enforcing an adequate piece rate as for the minimum wage. Mr. Lambert pointed out that there is nothing in the Bill to prevent a labourer being dismissed and evicted from his cottage for bringing an action against his employer.

Mr. Prothero inserted a new section which may mean anything you please:—

"(6) In fixing minimum rates under this section, the Agricultural Wages Boards shall, so far as practicable, secure for able-bodied men wages which, in the opinion of the Board, are adequate to promote efficiency and to enable a man in an ordinary case to maintain himself and his family in accordance with such standard of comfort as may be reasonable in relation to the nature of his occupation."

Such vague provisions are absolutely valueless.

CHRISTIANITY IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Chancellor (L.) drew attention to the behaviour of the Chaplain at Winchester Prison, who told a conscientious objector that Christ would spit at him, and who refers to C.O.'s as vermin and lice.

HENDERSON AND MACDONALD.

August 1st.—Captain Viscount Duncannon moved the Adjournment of the House to discuss the visit of Mr. Henderson, Mr. MacDonald, and Mr. Wardle to Paris. He complained that his quarrel was with the Government, not with Mr. Henderson. His objection was that the War Cabinet had allowed one of its members to go with Mr. MacDonald to discuss an international conference. Sir F. Lowe, seconding the motion, said that Mr. Henderson should resign his position as a Member of the Labour Party. Mr. Henderson said he had gone as one of three delegates from the Labour Party to arrange for an Inter-Allied Labour and Socialist Conference, and to examine the invitation of the Russian Workers' and Soldiers' Council and the Dutch Scandinavian Committee to an International Council. He said that he had never wanted an International Conference, but since the Russians were determined to hold one, he wished to influence the arrangements. He had gone on to the sub-committee to organise it (which consisted of two French and two English Socialists, one from the majority, and one from the minority in each case) with the object of counteracting the influence of Mr. MacDonald.—He had secured that the date of the Conference should be postponed in order that the Americans might attend, and that it should be a consultative, not a binding conference, lest the Allies should be out-voted by the neutrals.

Mr. Lloyd George apologised for Mr. Henderson; and said that the Government would consider whether it was desirable that a Member of the Cabinet should retain a dual position, i.e., whether Henderson should leave his place in the Government or his secretaryship of the Labour Party.

The Jingo wolves howled, but it is clear that the Government desires Henderson to keep his hands on the strings of the Labour movement, in order to advance the interests of the capitalists, both at home and abroad. The Government undoubtedly knew all about the Paris visit, though they do not wish to say so definitely, lest the Labour world learn too much from the confession. The Jingoes are wondering whether they should fear Henderson's influence in the Government, but in spite of his talk of the Democracy having a voice in the peace settlement, we are of opinion that the workers have far graver reasons to fear his influence in the Labour Movement.

A curious sidelight on the situation was thrown by MacDonald's insistence that he is not a Pacifist leader, and by Lloyd George's peroration: "If we begin to dissolve, to break, to separate, to fling one valuable colleague after another into the arms of those who are fighting for pacifist ends, then I really despair of winning."

WAS THE CONFERENCE A DEN OF THIEVES?

Mr. King asked whether the Paris Conference considered the agreement recently signed by Mr. Pashitch, Serbian Premier, and Dr. Trumbitch, on behalf of the Jugo-Slavs, which contemplated the establishment of a Serbian Kingdom four times the population of the old Serbian Kingdom, and whether the aggrandisement of Serbia is one of the objects for which this country is at war. Mr. Balfour (U.Min.) would give no information.

Mr. Lees-Smith (L.) asked if Mr. Balfour had any information of an agreement or understanding between France and Russia to deprive Germany, in case of an Allied victory, of territory, besides Alsace-Lorraine on the west bank of the Rhine, and if, in case of an Allied victory, Italy is to obtain possession of any part of Dalmatia.

STEPNEY REVELATIONS.

Mr. Gilbert (L.) drew attention to the report of the Medical Officer of Stepney, who said that he had condemned 100 tons of fish, 365 tons of bacon, and 701 tons of potatoes as unfit for human food; these goods were imported from Holland. Mr. Clynes' excuse was the inevitable delay occurring to steamers which carried these foodstuffs. The Allies are forcing Holland to export food that she needs and which they cannot use.

August 2nd.—Mr. Bonar Law announced that the House would rise as soon as possible and come back about the middle of October. Before it rises, the Corn Production Bill, the Munitions of War Bill, and a new War Loan Bill must be passed. The Franchise Bill will be held over till next session.

WORK FOR CAPTAIN TUPPER.

Mr. Byrne (N.) complained that seamen survivors of submarined ships receive no compensation for their losses, have to pay for the clothes that are supplied when rescued, and receive no pay from the moment their ship is lost. Mr. Bonar Law is considering the matter, and *may* have settled it before the recess! Meanwhile, the seamen and their families starve. What are Captain Tupper and Mr. Havelock Wilson doing?

On the Isle of Man Customs Bill Mr. Hogge called attention to a petition from the inhabitants, protesting against food taxes and Customs duties imposed upon them by the British Parliament, in which they are not represented.

(Continued from front page.)

simply a plain, simple man, who during my married life has always placed me first in all his pleasures. Why should I, then, turn upon him in the days of his adversity? I feel I should be a very sorry sort of Englishwoman, one from whom all the world would turn, and say "Trust any woman, but not an English one," if I did, as many of my countrymen think I should, cast him out. I am proud to say that I am not the only Englishwoman who has proved worthy of the trust and confidence placed upon us by these unfortunate German subjects now undergoing terrible hardships in our Internment Camps.

We have one little boy just six years old. Poor little chap, that is never sure of one day from suffering from fits. I have taken a great deal of care of my little boy to bring him so far. All the doctors give me great praise, and are astonished, but say there is no reason whatever that with the same care we should not successfully bring him through. All the time his father was parted from him he was continually having these fits. Since my success in getting my husband transferred from the Isle of Man my dear child has been much better. Now he is greatly worried at the thought of not seeing his daddy. He is so sharp that one cannot keep these things back from him. In my little child's name I address this appeal to you in behalf of all the other little chidren whose one pleasure lately has been their weekly visits to their fathers, who loved and protected them in the old days, to ask you to do all you possibly can to get our husbands placed somewhere where they may still have this one pleasure, sometimes. Surely if Alexandra Palace is required by the Military Authorities there must be some place near enough without sending our men back to the Isle of Man. Trusting that this appeal will meet with your kind consideration, as I know it will, I remain, a constant reader of your DREADNOUGHT.

FEDERATION NOTES

THE PEACE PICKET.

On Thursday afternoon, August 2nd, we went to the House of Commons with peace banners. It seemed time some special effort should be made to awaken the members to the increasing peace feeling in the country, and this was undertaken by Miss Beamish, Miss Bennett, Mrs. Brimley, Mrs. Cahill, Miss Lynch and Miss Sylvia Pankhurst. In spite of the bad weather the Peace Picket was a success, and the picketters are going again. If you wish to help peace, write to Miss Sylvia Pankhurst, 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E., about it.

BIG PUSH.

On Saturday, August 4th, we went to Hoxton, of Brotherhood Church fame. In spite of the rain, a meeting, addressed by Mrs. Bouvier, was held at the Whitmore Head in the early afternoon, and again in the evening. Of course, people were talking about the scenes at the Brotherhood Church. Most of them seemed very indignant. A large number of ex-Inspector Syme's friends, in blue, were present. He dealt with the Mesopotamia Report, and created great interest. Mrs. Butler dealt with War Pension scandals, and all around the crowd were women saying, "She knows what she's talking about"; "I wish I could speak like her." The crowd were far more extreme than the speakers, and we could not help wondering where the brave patriots of the previous Saturday came from.

On Saturday, August 11th, we shall be at St. Pancras. All members and friends are invited to help. Please meet at the B.S.P. Hall, 44 Malden Road, Kentish Town, N.W., at 2.45 p.m.

REFERENDUM.

The ballot-papers for the Referendum are ready. Who will help to take them round to those houses which have already been canvassed? Don't leave this work entirely to people from Leyton and other branches. Come along, Bow members, and help. Every hour counts.

BOW BRANCH.

We hope all the members who came to the Club last Friday will bring other members and their subscriptions this week. We want people to enjoy the dancing, but we want them to help the branch and the Federation, too. Even the children help.

Children's practice, 6.30-8 p.m. every Friday.

P. LYNCH.

HOXTON JUMBLE SALE.

Jumble has now been postponed to August 20th. Contributions still urgently needed. Parcels to be sent to Hon. Sec., 85 Hoxton Street. Gratefully acknowledged from Mrs. Bouvier and Miss Hepburn.

WHITECHAPEL BRANCH.

Very successful meeting was held at Toynbee Hall on July 30th, at which Miss Pankhurst and Mrs. Bouvier were the speakers. Members and friends are reminded that a meeting will be held every Tuesday at 8 p.m. at I.W.W. Hall, 76 Whitechapel Road. Speaker on August 14th will be Ex-Inspector Syme. It is hoped that all will do their best to make this branch a success.

* * * *

LEEDS.—Hon. Sec.: Mrs. Hunter, 7 Sugdenfold, Armley. Branch meeting, Clarion Café, August 21st, 8 p.m.

* * * *

SHEFFIELD W.S.F.—Sec.: Mr. Newman 87 Montague Street. Branch meeting Thursday, August 16th, 8 p.m., I.L.P. Room, Castle Street.

"WOMAN'S" v. "WORKER'S DREADNOUGHT."

We are still endeavouring to fathom the meaning of the comments on our change of name made by Labour contemporaries.

Scotland Yard celebrated the change by raiding our offices. We do not know whether the raid was prompted by anger at our having discarded our womanly title or by a desire to possess souvenir copies of the first edition of the paper bearing the new name. We beg to remind all who are interested that the change has been carried out by order of the Annual Conference of the Workers' Suffrage Federation.

* * * *

VOTES FOR INDIAN SQUAWS.

On July 12th the Chippewa Indians, in council at Bemidji, Minnesota, U.S.A., gave votes to their women by a vote of two to one.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

FAMILY LIMITATION DOCTRINE. Post free, 1½d. —Malthusian League, Queen Anne's Chambers, Westminster.

SUFFRAGE WORKERS should spend their holidays at "Sea View," Victoria Road, Brighton. Hostess, Miss Turner.

SOUTHEND: Apartments or Bed-Sitting Room, near bandstand, pier.—C., 1 Grange Gardens, Southend.

SOUTHEND: Furnished Apartments, 8 minutes from sea and train; a Furnished House conveniently situated.—Apply "400" this Office.

FREE WORLD: Law Love, Temple Truth, Sovran Self! Recitals by Alexander Hunter.

TO LET—HALL for meetings, etc., holds 60. Terms moderate.—Apply Miss Beamish, St. Stephen's Shop, 85, Hoxton Street, N.

TYPEWRITING REQUIRED at home; M.S.S. and Plays; Duplicating accurately done. Terms on application. —Apply Miss A. O. Beamish, 85 Hoxton Street.

SUFFRAGETTES OF THE W.S.P.U., 145 High Holborn.—During August and September the address will be 26 Parliament Hill, N.W.3.

MONDA SOCIALISNO.

Free Food, Law Love, Temple Truth, Sovran Self. Songs and Recitals by Alexander Hunter, 37 Collingwood Road, Coventry.——"Fine voice." "Powerful reciter."

Charge for advertising in this column, 1d. per word; four insertions for the price of three.

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W. WOODS & SONS, *Family Bakers*

THE
WORKERS' SUFFRAGE FEDERATION

To secure a Vote for every Woman and Man of full age, and to win Social and Economic Freedom for the People on the basis of a Socialist Commonwealth.

Entrance Fee—1d.

Minimum Subscription—1d. a month.

Central Office: 400 Old Ford Road, London, E.3
Hon. Secretary: Miss Sylvia Pankhurst.
Hon. Assistant Secretary: Mrs. Minnie Lansbury.
Hon. Treasurer: Mr. Edgar Lansbury.
Hon. Financial Secretary: Miss Norah Smyth.

Address Correspondence on:—
Meetings, to Mrs. Bouvier.
W.S.F. Branches, Miss P. Lynch.
"Dreadnought," Miss O'Callaghan.
Other Literature, Miss Bush.

The W.S.F. appeals for members and workers and invites friends to visit its offices and social institutions.

CENTRAL OFFICE: 400 Old Ford Road, London, E.3

THE MOTHERS' ARMS: 438 Old Ford Road, E.3 Mother and Doctor's Consultations and Baby Weighing, Mondays 2.30 p.m. Infant Clinic and Day Nursery, 8 a.m. to 7 p.m.

MONTESSORI SCHOOL: 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. (by appointment with Miss Muriel Matters) at the Mothers' Arms.

THE WOMEN'S HALL: 20 Railway Street (opposite South Bromley Station on the North London Railway) Mother and Infant Clinic, Doctor's Consultations and Baby Weighing, Mondays and Thursdays at 2.30 p.m. Cost Price Restaurant, &c.

53 ST. LEONARDS STREET, BROMLEY: Mother and Infant Clinic, Literature depot, &c. Doctors' Consultations and Baby Weighing, Friday 10.30 a.m.

COST PRICE RESTAURANT: 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.3, and 20 Railway Street, Poplar.

ST. STEPHEN'S SHOP: 85 Hoxton Street, off Old Street, off Shoreditch. Literature on Communism, Feminism, Internationalism, Socialism.

CO-OPERATIVE TOY INDUSTRY: By appointment with Miss Norah Smyth.

THE WORKERS' CHOIR: Applications for Membership to Mrs. Hercbergova, 45 Norman Road, E.

SOCIALIST SUNDAY SCHOOL: 20 Railway Street, Poplar. Sunday Afternoons, 3 p.m.

OUR FUNDS

Donations to be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Edgar Lansbury, or to the Hon. Financial Secretary, Miss N. L. Smyth, 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.3

All parcels to 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.3

GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGED

GENERAL FUND.—Mr. and Mrs. H. Wilson, £2; Irene, per Mrs. Drake (weekly), £1; Miss Ethel Lowy (monthly), 10s.; Miss Constance Eagle, 5s.; Mrs. Boyce, 3s.; Miss Dorothy Jewson, 2s. 6d. COLLECTION: L.S.A. Polishing Dept., 6s. 10d.

"DREADNOUGHT" FUND.—Mr. and Mrs. Durant (Indicator), £1 10s.; Mrs. Gladys Schutze (10s. monthly), £1; Miss Clemence Housman, 10s.; Miss Mary D. Fox, 7s. 7½d.; Miss Dorothy Jewson, 2s. 6d.; Miss Freda le Pla, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. Richmond (fortnightly), 2s.; Mrs. G. Barfield (1s. monthly), 2s.; Miss M. A. Barker (monthly), 1s.; David Halliday, Esq. (monthly), 1s.; Miss King, 6d.

MILK AND GENERAL DISTRESS.—Frank Welsh, Esq. (Montessori), £32 10s.; Messrs. J. Gliksten and Son, Ltd., £8 8s.; Misses Gulland, £1 13s.; Contessa Tomasi Isolani (monthly), £1; Nurse Hebbes (weekly), 12s.; Mrs. Richmond (fortnightly), 10s.; Mrs. L. Usherwood, 10s.; Miss Mary D. Fox, 10s.; Misses Barrowman, 10s.; Newhaven I.L.P., per A. G. Bussey (Restaurant), 3s. 7d.; D. Wilkie, Esq., 2s. 6d. COLLECTIONS: Mrs. Chesley, £1 0s. 10d.; Employees Caslon Letter Foundry (Children's Holiday), £1; Misses E. Lagsding and J. Watts (Green's Yard), 13s. 6d.; Mothers at Bromley Clinic (monthly), 6s. 8d.; Misses K. Lagsding and T. Barker (Cubitt Town), 5s. 1½d.; Bow Restaurant Collecting Box, 5s. 1½d.

CLOTHES, ETC.—Children of Norton Road School, per Miss Bixby, material given by Mr. C. A. Pease.

EGGS.—Mrs. Finch Hill. BEANS.—Anon.

WHAT'S ON?
W.S.F. FIXTURES
OUTDOOR

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11th.
Meetings in St. Pancras District, 3 p.m. and 7 p.m. (see "Big Push").

SUNDAY, AUGUST 12th.
Osborn Street, Whitechapel, 11.30 a.m., Mrs. Cressall.
Hoe Street, Walthamstow, 11.30 a.m., Mrs. Bouvier (with Peace Negotiations Committee).
Victoria Park, 4 p.m., Mrs. Bouvier and others.
Hyde Park, 6 p.m., Mrs. Drake.
The Square, Woolwich, 7 p.m., Mrs. Butler.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 14th.
Clock Tower, Burdett Road, 6.30 p.m., Mrs. Bouvier.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15th.
Hague Street, 7.30 p.m., Mrs. Cressall.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 17th.
"Whitmore Head," Hoxton, 7.30 p.m., Mrs. Cressall.
Highbury Corner, 7.30 p.m., Mrs. Bouvier.

INDOOR

MONDAY, AUGUST 13th.
53 St. Leonard's Street, 2.30 p.m., Rev. Cheetham.
Bow Women's Hall, 8 p.m., General Meeting (London District). Business: Trafalgar Square Demonstration.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 14th.
I.W.W. Hall, 76 Whitechapel Road, 8 p.m., Ex-Inspector Syme, "The Curse of Officialdom."

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16th.
St. Stephen's Shop, 85 Hoxton Street, 8.15 p.m., Mr. Cox.

SPECIAL NOTICES

MONDAY, AUGUST 13th.
Bow Women's Hall, 8 p.m., General Meeting (London District). Business: Trafalgar Square Demonstration.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 19th.
Trafalgar Square Demonstration to demand Adult Suffrage and the Abolition of the House of Lords.

HOLLOWAY.

It is hoped to start a Branch of the W.S.F. shortly in the Holloway district. Will all those who wish to join please write to Mrs. A. Cave, 31 Blackstock Road, Finsbury Park, N., from whom copies of the WORKERS' DREADNOUGHT may be obtained.

PROVINCES

SHEFFIELD.—Miss Sylvia Pankhurst speaks on Sunday, August 12th: Snig Hill, 3 p.m.; A.S.E. Institute, Stanley Street, 7 p.m. Auspices W.S.F. and United Socialist Council. Admission free.

NOTTINGHAM DISTRICT.—Mrs. Walker's series of Meetings. Particulars from Miss Smith, 9 Commercial Road, Bulwell.

WALES.—Miss Sylvia Pankhurst speaks in Rhondda Valley, August 26th and 27th.

OTHER ORGANISATIONS

Kingsley Hall, Bow, August 14th and 19th, 8.15 p.m., Reginald Sorensen.

WALTHAMSTOW LEAGUE OF RIGHTS.
TUESDAY, AUGUST 14th.
William Morris Hall, Somers Road, 2.30 p.m., Rev. A. Cheetham.

JOIN OUR GREAT PUSH FOR THE
PEOPLE'S CHARTER!

ORGANISED BY THE WORKERS' SUFFRAGE FEDERATION, 400 OLD FORD ROAD, E.3

PEACE! SOCIALISM! VOTES FOR ALL!

Stop the hideous slaughter by ending the War! Down with Profiteering! Secure Food and Necessaries for all! Not Votes for some but Adult Suffrage! Down with the House of Lords!

Summer Campaign for Education!

Meetings! Literature Distribution! Individual Talks with Everyone!

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11th, ST. PANCRAS DISTRICT—Meet: B.S.P. HALL, 44 MALDON ROAD, Kentish Town, 2.45 p.m.; Meetings: COBDEN STATUE, 3 p.m. and 7 p.m. Secretary for the day: Rev. C. A. WILLS, St. Thomas Vicarage, Camden Town, N.W.1.
Speakers: Mrs. CRESSALL, Miss LYNCH, Mrs. NELLIE BEST, Mrs. BOUVIER, Ex-Inspector SYME, Rev. C. A. WILLS, and others.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18th, WEST CENTRAL AND HYDE PARK DISTRICT—Meet: 29B LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C., 2.45 p.m.; Meetings: PRINCE OF WALES, Harrow Road, 3.30 p.m.; HYDE PARK (Marble Arch), 6 p.m.
Secretary for the day: Miss CASEY, 29B Lincoln's Inn Fields.
Speakers: Mrs. BESSIE WARD, Mrs. BOUVIER, Ex-Inspector SYME, and others.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25th, KENSAL RISE DISTRICT—Meet: 10 MILMAN ROAD, West Kilburn, 2.45 p.m.; Meetings: MANOR PARK ROAD, 3 p.m. and 7 p.m. Secretary for the day: Mrs. EDWARDS, 30 Clifford Gardens, Kensal Rise, N.W.
Speakers: Mrs. BUTLER, Mrs. CRESSALL and Ex-Inspector SYME.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st, ISLINGTON DISTRICT—Meet: 255 LIVERPOOL ROAD, 2.45 p.m.; Meetings: 3 p.m. and 7 p.m.
Secretary for the day: Miss LYNCH, 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.3.
Speakers: Miss LYNCH, Mr. B. W. SORENSEN, and others.

PEACE DEMONSTRATION

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16th.

Secretary: Mrs. FINEBERG

WORKERS WANTED!

NATIONAL LEAGUE OF RIGHTS

Help to secure better treatment for the victims of International folly.

MORE WORKERS WANTED in writing & organising.

Help by Your Work!
Give What You Can!

ADULT SUFFRAGE and DOWN WITH THE HOUSE OF LORDS
GREAT TRAFALGAR SQUARE DEMONSTRATION

SUNDAY, AUGUST 19th, 4 p.m.

Organised by W.S.F. and Workers National Adult Suffrage Movement.

Speakers: Mr. C. G. AMMON (I.L.P.), Mr. G. BELT ("Herald"), Mrs. BOUVIER (W.S.F.), Mrs. BOYCE (W.S.F.), Mrs. BUTLER, Mr. E. W. CANT (B.S.P.), Coun. W. CARTER, Mr. W. CARTER (N.U.R.), Ald. D. J. DAVIS, J.P., (West Ham Trades Council), Mrs. DRAKE (W.S.F.), Mr. J. FINEBERG (B.S.P.), Coun. BEN GARDNER, Mrs. GATTY, Mr. R. M. GENTRY (Co-operative Bakers' Union), Mr. C. W. GIBSON (Workers' Union), Mr. W. HOLMES (Labour Party), Miss MANICOM (Workers' Union), Mr. V. L. McENTIE (B.S.P.), Mrs. MONTEFIORI, Miss E. SYLVIA PANKHURST, Rev. W. PIGGOTT (U.D.C.), Rev. C. A. WILLS, and others.

PROCESSIONS FROM NORTH, SOUTH, EAST AND WEST LONDON
NORTH LONDON: St. Pancras Arches, 2.30 p.m. Organiser: Mr. W. CHILTON, 14 Ascham Street, Kentish Town. EAST LONDON: Beckton Road, Canning Town, 1.15 p.m.; Dock Gates, Poplar, 2 p.m.; Gardner's Corner, 3 p.m. Organiser: Miss NORAH SMYTH, 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E. SOUTH LONDON: The Dun Cow, Old Kent Road, 2.30 p.m. Organiser: Mr. ROWLING, 182 Rolls Road, Bermondsey. WEST LONDON: Prince of Wales, Harrow Road, 2 p.m.; Paddington Green, 2.50 p.m.; Tottenham Court Road and Euston Road, 3.30 p.m. Organiser: Mr. E. J. HOLDER, 104 Bathurst Gardens, Willesden.

Chairman: Mr. W. CARTER, 38 Leverton Street, Kentish Town.
Hon. Secretary: Miss E. SYLVIA PANKHURST, 400 Old Ford Road, Bow, E.
Hon. Treasurer: Dr. A. SALTER, J.P., 5 Storks Road, Bermondsey, S.E.
Hon. Financial Secretary: Mr. G. H. PRATT, 1 Mervyn Road, W. Ealing.

REFERENDUM IN BOW

Adult Suffrage!
Proportional Representation!
The Referendum!

Secretary: Miss LYNCH, 400 Old Ford Road.

MORE CANVASSERS WANTED!

Help this important Educational Effort.

USEFUL AND INTERESTING WORK FOR THE HOLIDAYS!

Join the Workers' Suffrage Federation!

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